SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING.

THE REASON FIGHTERS DO NOT HAVE CUT AND BRUISED FACES.

C. T. Wiegand, the New York Athletic Club's Crack Hardler-What Has Become of All the Fighters ?-Billiardists Daly and Sexton-Hughes Says the Manhattan Club



URDLER C. T. Wiegand, whose picture is presented, is the New York Athletic Club's crack in this branch of athletic sports. He is twentyone years of age stands 5 feet 616 inches and scales 115 pounds in condition. He has been champion at his specialty for a number of years, and holds the record for a 220-yard hurdle race over 3-foot hurdles - 28 4-5s. He is a good 100-yard

C. T. WIEGAND. runner as well, with a record of 10 3-5s, and won one running broad jump competition he engaged in with a leap of 21 feet 9 inches. Mr. Wiegand has won running high jumps, also clearing 5 feet 8 inches, remarkable work for one of his height. He is also quite an expert in gymna-

"Why don't you ever see fighters with bunged up faces ?" asked a reporter of Billy Edwards in the Hoffman House the other Edwards in the Hoffman House the other evening as he glanced at a gentleman whose face was scratched and swollen from some recent altercation. "They have to make their living fighting," was the answer. "I never saw a man who chopped wood all day chop any at night for amusement. You wouldn't go to a theatre and report the show just for fun, I'll bet. Then, too, a fighting man appreciates the risk to his hands he runs in hitting some fellow who may have a hard head, and he knows it is no credit to him to thrash anybody except a clever opponent in a ring. A fighter is the safest man to insult I know of. Many a time I have to pocket talk men wouldn't a time I have to pocket talk men wouldn't dare use to anybody else."

There are nineteen interesting events on the programme of the Seventh Regiment's twelfth annual games, which will be held at the Armory on Dec. 3. The entries close on Nov. 24, with Secretary Janssen, Post-Office box 125.

Where the fighters have gone puzzled an old-time champion yesterday. He was looking for a pair to go on to fight for a \$300 purse in Washington, D. C., to night, Harry Langdon was the only one he could get. JackFallon made the laughable excuse that he wanted time to train. He had been told who his convenent was to be too. who his opponent was to be, too.

"Maurice Daly," said a well-known up-town sport, "has a valid excuse now for not playing Billy Sexton. Harvey Ubert, his partner, is seriously ill. Daly didn't want to play Sexton you can bet, or he wouldn't talk of playing a week for \$500 a side. The Comanohe would play him one or six nights for \$2,500, and Daly could get the backing."

George Le Blanche, the Marine, is in Boston this week. He is to meet three or four men at the Wilmington (Del.) Theatre next

Mr. C. C. Hughes says the Manhattan Athletic Club was never so prosperous as now. More members were added to the rolls last week than in any such previous period in the club's existence. "Harry Sullivan." says Mr. Hughes, "is coming back in February, and will have charge of the grounds next season. As for the boxing competitions which are said to have made professionals of several of our members, I would say," continued the club secretary, "that the National Association has never notified the clubs that it had added members, I would say," continued the club secretary, "that the National Association has never notified the clubs that it had added boxing to the list of exercises it oversees. In consequence we run our boxing shows under the old rules. When a notice of a National Association set of rules governing boxing is sent us the Manhattan Athletic Club will be the first to observe it."

The New York Athletic Club will play the Drescent Football Club's team on Saturday at the Polo Grounds.

Charlie Coster says he does not see where he is to blame for punching a member of the Staten Island Athletic Club. He was caught by the throat and he saw a cane flourished near his head while his assailant had hold of him. "Of course I struck out," he added, "and I don't understand this ruling of me off the Island grounds. The man I hit accepted my explanation."

these lines:

MISS BERRIAN:

Then he took from a drawer a little case of

purple velvet. Upon a bed of snow lay a

star of opals. The jewel caught the sunlight

star of opals. The jewel caught the sunlight and gathered it all together in its fiery heart, then flashed it out in a thousand rays of brightness.

He put the case in the little white box, and looked about for his scaling-wax.

"I have lost it," he said. "I will get some from the library."

As his feet touched the hall below, a woman stole from the room opposite his own, and entered through the door he had left open. She went up to his desk, and read the letter he had written.

"Ah!" she said. "He takes this method of telling how much he loves her. I will not give him up so easily. Grace Berrian, it lies betwen you and me, and you shall not win!" She stole out again. There was an evil glitter in her eyes.

Ross Graham came back presently. He sealed the box, then folded the note, and enclosed it in an envelope bearing the same address. Placing them together in the drawer, he closed the deak and left the room.

On the landing he met his cousin, Isabel Leith.

"Ah! Going out?" he saked.

Yes," she answered turning her dark and beautiful face towards him. Her eyes were soft now, and full of fas-cinating influences.

cinating influences.
"You are a beautiful woman," he said, as

Leith. Going out?" be asked.

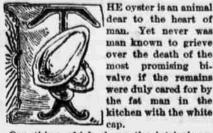
Miss Berrian:

I have long desired to tell you what you must have seen—that I love you. I have never had an opportunity to do so, and a dread of offering love where it may be undesired, makes me almost a coward. I enclose in the box which accompanies this an opal star. If I see it in your heir to-night, may I take it as a sign that my love is not rejected, and that I may speak? H. G. a drawer a little case of

Not a Sure Slan. [From the Binghamton Republican.]
Don't be too hasty to flidge. That cardinal nose may belong to a teetotaler who courts a girl with rouged cheeks.

STYLES IN OYSTERS.

The Stew the Most in Demand, with the Fry Second in the Race.



dear to the heart of man. Yet never was man known to grieve over the death of the most promising bivalve if the remains were duly cared for by the fat man in the kitchen with the white

One thing which shows the intrinsic ex-

One thing which shows the intrinsic excellence of the cyster is that it is sweetest when wrested from its shell without any culnary ceremony at all. Raw, it enters the human system as easily as a wicked thought, and when it gayly slides to its goal on its own juices the stomach is never reminded that it has been unwisely hospitable.

The way to prepare the succulent cyster so that it will not be palatable has yet to be discovered. The cyster is like the perfect Christian—always good, no matter how it is treated. Raw, on the half-shell, on no shell, stewed, broiled, fried, escalloped, pickled, stuffed, is it a household joy.

Fashions in cysters do not change to any extent. They are called for in the same styles at Dorlon's as they were years ago and in the same proportion. The stewed cyster comes first in the predilection of its friends. Sixty out of a hundred who eat the bivalve order an cyster stew. Cysters are particularly delicious when they are stewed in their own juices, but at very few places are enough of them opened to permit of this.

Next to the stew, fried cysters are the most popular. They should not be smothered in a thick blanket of batter till they are indigestibly greasy. Bun them through some eggs, roll them lightly in cracker-crumbs, and fry them quickly.

The boiled and the roast cyster are next in

gestibly greasy. Run them through some eggs, roll them lightly in cracker-crumbs, and fry them quickly.

The boiled and the roast oyster are next in order. When it is in a pickle it is quite naturally diverted from its purpose, and serves as a relish.

Most of the other modes are but variations on these. The Boston stew only adds a bit of toast for the cyster to lie on.

Some years ago an attempt was made to introduce steamed cysters. In the Monument City this phase of the cyster will make the native's mouth water at forty paces, and Harvey in Washington makes them a specialty. But the New York connoisseur draws the line at little neck clams. Steam them, yes! but not the clam's noble brother.

It used to be the thing to covet big cysters. That fashion has gone out. At Dorlon's Fulton Market place there are four or five eightinch shells that look as if they had been cyster tenement houses. One that was cramped in its lateral development grew straight ahead for a foot. Your real gastronome will turn calmly from blue points, gaze unmoved on the plumpest saddle rock and devote himself conscientiously to the Shrensbury. To many the taste for cystors is an acquired one, and the relish for the Shrensbury. devote himself conscientiously to the Shrens-bury. To many the taste for oysters is an acquired one, and the relish for the Shrens-bury is, even to the confirmed oyster-eater, something that does not come always with the first dozen. But when they get there they stay there.

BILLIARD EXPERTS IN THE CLUBS.

Stein downs all who play with him in the Col. De Lancey Kane hold his own at the Knickerbocker.

Tom Morrissy and Norman Cross claim the tables at the Lambs. Heinrichs hums operatio arias while playing at the Leiderkranz.

Dr. Knapp, Carroll Livingston and Dick Young are the rollers in the Union. Edward Kearney, James Boyle and Karry Perry are the leaders in the Blossom. The playing of William H. Delancey always attracts attention in the St. Nicholas.

Dan Starr, Dugro and Dr. Flint are the Col. Church is the most active in the Cen-tury, where there are many good players. Marshall Stafford, William Perzel and Arthur Josephs are the leaders in the Home.

A. V. De Goicouris, Otto Sarony and J. Seaver Page are dangerous in the New York Athletic. Walter Stanton's carom shots always at-tract attention at the New York and the Racquette.

Fred Murray, Joe Kendall, Andy Walker, Ned Murray, Dr. Pardee and Tom Whitney win in the Lotos.

Frank Thomas is the crack at the New York Yacht, Commodore Chase, Commo-dore Astor, and Jimmy Winslow also rating high.

Dick Peabody, Lewis Rutherford, Ham Cole, Prof. Whithouse and Loyall Farragut are the leaders in the University, Issac H. Bromley being the pool-master.

A. C. Palmer is the holder of the champion cue in the Manhattan Athletic. George W. Carr, Harry Pike, George Schaeffer, James Magee and Walter Stone also rank as experts

George H. Taylor is the champion in the Union League, while Bank Presidents White (Bleecker Street Savings), Wood (Bowery) and Tappan (Gallatin National) are crack shots.

All That Glitters Is Not Gold. Beware of imitations of our cigarettes, especially of our new brands, "WHITE-CAPS," "LATEST ENGLISH" and "CROSS-COUNTRY," All extra fine. KINNEY TORACCO CO., New York.

"R.G." She repeated the initials over.
"Robert Greville, Miss Leith must have known more about the jewel than she cared to tell me this morning. Mr. Greville is pre-

A flush crossed her face. She dropped the note into the fire, then wrote Robert Greville's name upon a piece of paper and wrapped the box in it. Calling a servant, she bade him take the box to the address it

bore.
"I could never love Robert Greville," she said to herself; "but" with a softened tone and a tender light in her eyes, "I could love

and a tender light in her eyes, "I could love Ross Graham."

That night Ross Graham stood in the crowded drawing-room of a friend's resi-dence and listened to the delicious waltz music rising and falling in long, slow waves of sound.

Miss Leith was not far away. A dark

MORMONS ON LONG ISLAND.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS WORKING QUIETLY AT CHRISTIAN HOOK.

They Accept All the Dectrines of the Morn Faith, Except Polygamy, the Practice of Which the Wemen Consider a Heluous Offense - Services Held at the Saints' Houses by Elder Penrose, of Utah.



HRISTIAN HOOK is the appropriate name of a little hamlet on Long Island, which is otherwise known as Oceanville. Here reside a score or more families, whose support is derived from farming and garden-ing in summer and oyster digging in win-ter. Representatives

convinced that the Christian faith as taught and practised in the world, is not the true religion and have abandoned it for the, to them, more perfect, consistent and acceptable faith of the Mor-

They support all the doctrines of the Mor-

mon.

They support all the doctrines of the Mormon faith, as it is now preached and spurn the single prerogative, which to the common mind is supposed to be the fundamental right of a true Mormon polygamy. It is a grave error now to associate polygamy with Mormondom, for while years ago it was its chief characteristic, now lawful polygamy in Utah Territory does not exist.

With this powerful factor gone there exists but a slight religious difference between the faith of this little band of worshippers and the Christian world at large, a mere theoretical difference, to which, however, the handful of men and women point with pride.

"How do we differ from other Christians in the world?" they say. "Well, we believe in the Bible, every word of it. Christians, as they are known in the world, believe in but part of it. We believe that the end of the world is approaching. There are wars and rumors of wars. There are earthly disturbances which to us mean much more than a rending of rock and loss of life. These things mean to us that the end of the world is approaching. Do they mean the same to all the world. We are preparing ourselves for the hereafter, which is, we believe, close at hand, and," they add with pride, "we receive our religious training and instruction from men whose lives are bound up in the good work that they are doing, and who receive no recompense for preaching the world of God. Do you Christian ministers do that?"

By similar theories they endeavor to prove

or God. Do you Christian ministers do
that?"

By similar theories they endeavor to prove
the superiority of their conception of the
divinity over all other believers, and while
not over anxious to swell their ranks, are
ever willing to baptize into their faith any
such as may profess for it strong belief and
conviction. With the exception of one or
two, who, like the stupid sheep, blindly follow a leader without knowing the why or
wherefore they are sincere; a sincerity which
is as true as it is exceptional.

The movement started but a short time
ago. It was brought about primarily by the
son of Ira Pettit, one of the warmest-hearted
and most generous men in the country. The
son, a few years ago, sold out his grocery son, a few years ago, sold out his grocery business in the East and joined the Mormons business in the East and joined the Mormons at Utah. As he was a firm believer in the Mormon faith he kept the folks at home informed of the working of his religion there. These letters were frequent and earnest and they made a deep impression on the ones behind.

they made a deep impression on the ones behind.

A short time ago the son returned for a brief visit, which lengthened into weeks, and which proved the spark for which the smouldering religious passion was waiting. He had hardly returned home before the first definite step was taken. In Utah there is a Relief Society whose sole object is to care for the sick and needy. A Relief Society was immediately started at Christian Hook, to which none but women were admitted and the large portion were married. Its object was not the amelioration of poverty and distress, but merely to furnish books in which one could obtain instruction in the faith.

Its President is Mrs. Amelia Soper, wife of Elbert Soper, who says that he is the boss of his own house. Elbert Soper believes, according to his own statement, that the only way a man can live is by his wits. It is fortunate, the neighbors say, that he is not entitled to men basship in the Relief Society.

way a man can live is by his wits. It is fortunate, the neighbors say, that he is not entitled to membership in the Relief Society.

Then prominent among its members are:
Mrs. Smith Soper and Mrs. Ira Pettit, while
Mrs. Pettit and Joseph Brower are carnest
workers in the cause. The society has been
organized but a few weeks, but has already
held religious services. There is no church
that its members desire to attend, so they
gather at the houses of different neighbors.

Last Sunday religious service was held at
the home of Mrs. Amelia Soper. Elder Penrose, who but recently came East from Salt
Lake, conducted the exercises. Two weeks
from last Sunday another service will be held,
probably at the same house, and possibly
conducted by the same elder.

With this exception there are no meetings

SHEIKH ALI'S DEATH.

The Fenat About to be Celebrated by Far atics at Constantinople.



thousand Persians residing there. Two years ago,

through the courtesy of the American Embassy, the writer obtained a good seat in the Persian Bazaar, where he had an excellent view of the ghastly

procession. Sheikh Ali was the brother-in-law of Mahomet, and the celebration of his murder is one of the chief feasts of the Persians during the whole year. A procession is formed of three or four bundred men, dressed in white robes with

A procession is formed of three or four hundred men, dressed in white robes with bare heads and drawn swords, and daggers in their hands. They march around the Persian Bazaar about 8 o'clock in the evening, forming two lines, with the dervishes in the centre, chanting from the Koran the passage concerning their revered priest and his murder. After an hour of this, they begin to get worked up into a frenzy, and keep time to the chant by bobbing and gashing their heads at every sentence from the Koran. This continues until their heads become covered with blood. Many in the procession faint from loss of blood, or go into fits from over-excitement, and are picked up by porters, put into large wicker-baskets and carried home. The friends of those in the procession frequently walk at their side and catch the blows of the swords and daggers on their sticks, when the paraders become too excited and strike themselves too hard. If any people die from the effects, the fact is kept quiet and Christians hear nothing of it. Of course dying through and for such a cause insures the man an immediate place in Heaven with eight wives, slaves to fan his noble brow and every bliss which the prophet knew how to describe and hold out to his believers.

Rider Haggard, with all his imagination, could scarcely describe a more ghastly sight. Thirty or forty years ago there was a general massacre of Christians in the Persian Bazaar, several hundred being killed while the frenzy of the fanatics lasted, and since then a regiment of soldiers surrounds the procession to guard against a repetition of such scenes. Only a very limited number of Christians are admitted now.

IN TOWN FOR A DAY.

Commodore John G. Walker, U. S. N., is Among the guests at the Windsor is Capt P. M. Price, of West Point.

Collector William A. Poucher, of the port of Oswego, is at the Union Square, Ex-Gov. A. B. Shepherd, of Washington, arrived at the Gilsey House yesterday. At the Brunswick, among other guests, i Congressman Walter A. Wood, of Hoosa Falls.

Congressman C. A. Boutell, of Bangor, Me., finds a temporary home at the Park Avenue Hotel.

L. Clark Seelye, President of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., registers at the Murray Hill Hotel. The veteran theatrical manager, J. H. Mc-Vicker, of Chicago, is among the recent ar-rivals at the Murray Hill Hotel.

Albemarie arrivals; Daniel O'Day, of the Standard Oil Company, and Henry B. Rice, proprietor of the American House, Boston. L. J. Sergeant, of Montreal, General Traf-fic Manager of the Grand Trunk Railroad, arrived at the Windsor Hotel this morning. The signature of Edward Wemple, of Ful-tonville, graces the Hoffman House register. He is the Democratic candidate for State Computroller. Comptroller.

Henry F. Spurr, General Manager, and John J. Leary, New York representative of the Boston and Sandwich Glass Company, are registered at the Astor House.

O. G. Warren, of the Buffalo Express, and Col. C. R. Baldwin, of the Waterbury Affertions, have fled the sanctum to take up their quarters at the St. James.

M. Stafford Northcots and wife, who have been at the Everett House, left that hostelry this morning. Mr. Northcote is the son of the late Sir Stafford Northcote, the celebrated English Conservative statesman, and he has just returned from Dakota, where he has been looking after the interests of an English company in an extensive ranch.

company in an extensive ranch.

Congressman George West, of Ballston Spa; Isaac V. Baker, jr., who stepped from the Superintendency of State Prisons into a Railroad Commissionership last winter; Ex-Senator W. H. Barnum, of Connecticut, and J. G. Batterson, President of the Travellers' Insurance Company, of Hartford, are recent arrivals at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Is a bugbear no longer. At the first symptoms of a cold or cough take a few doses of RIKER'S EXPECTORAY and your cold is gone. Half-pint bottles 60c, each. Insist on having Riker's Expectorant and you are positively sure of perfect antifaction.

Bold almost everywhere.

W. B. RIKER & SON, Druggists and M'Tg Chemists, 352 6th are, N. Y. Retablished 42 years.

HAVE YOU A SKIN DISEASE?

If so there is no system of treatment that offers the certainty of cure and economy of time and money as do the CULTURA REMEDIES. We will said free to any sufferer "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials, every one of which repeat

I have been a territor sumerer for years from the skin and blood; have been obliged to shun public places by reason of my disfiguring humors; have had the best physicians; have spent hundreds of dollars, and get no relief until I used the CUTTOURA REMEDIES, which have sured me, and left my skin as clear and blood as

COVERED WITH SALT RHEUM.

CUTICUMA REMEDIES are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case of Sait Rheum in this country. My mother nad it twenty years, and in lact died from it. I believe CUTICUMA would have saved her life. My arms, breast and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I use it be CUTICUMA ABOAT Extendity, and CUTICUMA and CUTICUMA SOAP externally, NEWARE, O.

J. W. ADAMS.

I commenced to use your CUTICURA REMEDIES last July. My head and face and some parts of my body were almost raw, My bead was covered with seake and sores, and my suffering was 'earful, I had trad everything I had heard of in the Kast and West, My case was considered a very had one. I have now not a particle of Skin Humor about me, and my case is considered wonderful. DECATUR, MICH.

MRS. S. K. WHIPPLE. A FEVER SORE CURED.

HEAD, PACE AND BODY RAW.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers, who has been cared, by using the CUTICURA REMEDIES, of an old sore, caused by a long spell of sickness or fevr-reight pears ago. He was so bad he was fearful he would have to have his leg amputated, but is happy to asp he is now suiterly well-sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. Cason, merchant, of this place. JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist, Cainsboro, Tenn.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c. ; SOAF, 25c. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CREMICAL CO., Boston. Bend for " How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages illustrations and 100 testimonials.

TIN TED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin pre-served with CUTIOURA MEDICATED BOAT.



BREAK THE MACHINE!!"

mass of voters, besides either running with the as officens? Yes, there is something left to the mass of the party-it is the veto power, and the veto power only. They can discharge the leaders and BREAK THE MACHINE-THEY CAN CHOOSE NEW LEADERS AND CON-STRUCT A NEW MACHINE. This in a properly organized party is their right, and it is the possession of this right and the performance of this duty which keep the machine in proper orde and the leaders in accord with and in subordina-tions the will of the people.—Mayor Hewitt in his Cooper Union Spency, Dec. 28, 1880.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. E.—" Is the knowt used in Russia at the present day?" By law its use has been abolished, but the law is a dead letter. The knowt is used daily in the prisons upon men suspected of patriotism.

I. W.—The Roman Catholic Church claims a membership of 8,000,000 in this country. To settle bets concerning the number of religious denominations you should consult The World Almanac, page 90. The price is 25 cents by mail, postage paid.

page w. The price is so cents by mail, postage paid.

J. M. S.—"A court of another State has no jurisdiction to dissolve the marriage of a citizen of this State domiciled here, who is not served with process in the foreign State and who does not appear in the action." (76 N. Y., 78,) "Where a marriage is valid by the laws of another State, its validity cannot be questioned in this State." (78 N. Y., 52.) Under these two proper decisions by the Court of Appeals any man who can afford it may have as many lawful wives in New York State as Solomon ever had in Palestine. Hundreds, if not thousands, of men have taken advantage, often unknown their wives, to get divorces in a foreign State, in marry the second wife in the foreign State, and then to bring her to New York. The first wife has no cause for compiaint—the divorce is not valid. The second wife has none—her marriage is valid.

Doesn't Work Both Ways.

[From the Boston Courter.]

Bacon says reading maketh a full man, but the men who get full oftenest are not the greatest readers.

When a Drink is Necessary.

Among other occasions not already enumerated when a drink is necessary to one's health and happiness may be mentioned the following:

When you have heard good news; when you have received bad news; when you are in danger of taking cold from becoming overheated; when you feel feverish, or fear you may feel feverish, after or before being exposed to the cold; when you have purchased any article of clothing; when you have purchased any article of clothing; when you have purchased any article of clothing; when you are a horse-trot; when you win a "pot" of money; when you lose a dollar or so; when you go to see your "best girl;" when you come away sure; when you 'oe had about three bottles Mumm's Extra Dry (then it's absolutely necessary), just let me give you a little "tip:"

Take "Rixen's Calisava Tonic." You can get it almost anywhere. Don't take any but Rixen's, and you are sure of perfect satisfaction. No head on next morning; all the money you had in your pocket the night before there yet. Seel you won't have to club yourself at all, and you'll have an appetite like— Well, ask your cook what it's like; I darnent tell you.

Cost us 4 11-16 cents per glass, 5-16 of a cent cheaper than beer. "One of the Boys." " When a Drink is Necessary.

"Ah!" he started as if struck, "I sup-posed, at the time I came away, that Mr. Greville had other intentions than of waiting for marriage so long." He looked at her meaningly,

of intense eagerness. "Did a note accompany the box, asking you to wear the star if you were not indifferent to the giver? Tell me, please."

Exhaustive

Young Writer—Have you read my article in tourrent number of the Every Other Honthly vieir, Miss Penelope 7 Miss Penelope-No; that pleasure is still in

aniss reneiope—No; that pleasure is still in store for me. I heard papa say, though, that he had read it.

Young Writer—Did he not think that I treated my subject in a very exhaustive manner?

Miss Penelope—Yes, I believe he did say something about being tired.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALGAM 718 compounded of the best concentrated extracts of best-roots and gums in the world. It is a safe and reliable medicine, pleasant to the taste, and sures cough, colds, asthma and croup, Price, 35 and 75 cents. Trial butles, 10 cents.

AMUSEMENTS.

FUTH AVENUE THEATRE. MRS. POTTES
A SIGNAL TRIUMPH OF BRILLIANT DEBUT

MRS. POTTER,

Under the Personal Management of MR. HENRY C. MINES.
in Mr. Delpit's Great D. MINES.
N. Li., D.E. Bill Event Fig.
Supported by Mr. Kyrle Belley.
(By Courtesy of Mr. H. E. Abber of Wallack's)
AND A POWERPUL CAST.
Evenings at 8.
Saturday Matters at 2.

E OPEN MUSEE, 23D ST., BET, STR. 6STR AVE.
OPEN FROM 11 TO 11. SUNDAYS 1 6 11.
GIRON'S GREAT PAINTING. DEUX SGURS.
COncerts daily from 3 to 3 and 4 to 31.
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IMPROPER SECORES OF

GREAT FLOWER SHOW

EXTENDED TO SUNDAY NOV 6.
Admission to all, 800., children 25c.
AJEEB—The Mystifying Chess Automaton.

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CURLY BELLOWS DOCKSTADER.
OXYGEN. CLEVELAND'S TRIP.
SEW JOKES, BALLADS, DANCES.
Evenings, 8.30. Saturday Matines, 2.30. H.R.JACOBS'S 3D AVE THEATRE. PRICES, 10c.; RESERVED SRATS, 20c. AND 30c. MATINEE TO-MORROW.

James A. Herne's Hearts of Oak. RECRIVED WITH CHEERS AND APPLAUSE. HABRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE

W. HANLEY
THE LEATHER PATCH.

DAVE BRAHAM AND HIS POPULAR OROHESTRA, WEDNESDAY MATINEE SATURDAY, Next Week—CORDELIA'S ASPIRATIONS. STAR THEATRE. Broadway and 19th sa.
Last 4 nights of engagement of
JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

JOSEPH Jac Saturday night and To-night, also Saturday night and THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH and the favorite comedy.

LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

Thursday and Friday nights,

THE RIVALS.

STARTHRATRE, Monday, Morving, MR. HENTLY TEVING, MISS CLUM TOWN ANY in Aud the LYCENTRY TO AUGUST.

UNION SQARE THEATRE. J. M. HILL. Manager State WEEK. ENGRISOUS SUCCESS. The Consideration of the Hennitetta.

60th Performance, Monday, November 14. Elaborate Sequentia. Seats ascured two weeks in advance.

EVENINGS AT 8.15. SATURDAY MATINES AT 8.15. SATURDAY MATINES AT 8.25.

14 TH STREET THEATRE, COR. 6TH AVE.

Matiness Wednesday and Saturday.

Second week of
Second week of
in Bronson Howard's and David Bolason's new play,
A great stage portraiture. A panomora of home love,
Gallary, 25c. Reserved, 30c., 50c., 75c., \$1 and \$1.50.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

Wed.

A BUNCH OF KEYS.

Mat.

Next week—ANNIE PIXLEY.

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mistakes," Grace said, her eyes on the fai

mistakes," Grace said, her eyes on the fair blue hills.

"It is hard to look the truth in the face," rejoined Ross, "but I can do it, knowing that, after all, you were the true, pure woman I had thought you to be. I believe the hardest blow of all was to think that you wave false, and that my dream of true womanhood was, after all, only a dream. How can I go back to my wife, knowing what I do now, and live my life out with her? Pity me? Pity me? But I shall hate her?"

The woman's eyes were full of tears. From her heart she did pity the strong man so shaken with sudden grief.

"Be brave?" she said. "After the cross-bearing, cometh rest. We all have crobest to bear. Some have heavier ones than others, but I think those who bear the heaviest burdens will have the sweetest rest when rest comes."

"I will be brave—for your sake, for the sake of what might have been!" he said. "I must go. Good-bye. God have you in his

burdens will have the sweetest rest when rest comes."

"I will be brave—for your sake, for the sake of what might have been!" he said. "I must go. Good-bye. God have you in his keeping."

He held her hand in his a moment, then went down the hill towards the city lying in a haze of golden splendor beneath a cloud-less sky.

"What is the matter with you?" Isabel asked, as they sat together that evening in the mellow moonlight which flooded the scene with silver radiance. "You have hardly spoken since you came back."

"I have been thinking." he answered. "I saw Grace Berrian to-day. I have solved the secret of the opal. Do you comprehend?"

A gasping ery came to the woman's lips. How he must hate her! And she had done it because she loved him. In spite of all her faults and follies, she loved him still.

"Never mention it to me," he said. "What has been done cannot be undone and is better left to silence and the past. Your own conscience must condemn you, and no words of reproach are needed from me. Between us this subject need never be spoken of again. Let life go on as best it can. It doesn't matter much how. It will be a dreary thing."

He never mentioned it to her after that, but she knew he had not forgotten. She could tell that by his face.

Years have gone by, and these three lives go on, but each holds its regrets and its removerful memories. Life is not what it ought to be to them. Ross Graham and Grace Berian think of what was and what might have been, and sigh for something which perhaps will never come to them until they meet in other hands than these. Isabel thinks of what she played to wis, and knows that she won and lost.

URID FIRE LEAPED FROM THE OPAL STONE. In the hall, he kissed her good night as

In the hall, he kissed her good night as usual.

"Oh, Ross!" she cried. "if you only knew how unworthy Grace Berrian is of your love."

"I do!" he said, bitterly. "I do not believe there is such a thing as sincerity in the world."

"Don't think because she is false. all women are." she said, her volce full of syren sweetness.

"I don't know," he answered, doubtfully. "I do," she whispered, her eyes upon his face, her breath upon his cheek.

Then, as if suddenly remembering herself, she blushed hotly, and drew her hand away from his, as if in sudden distress. It was a pretty piece of acting.

pretty piece of acting.
"Would you be true?" he asked. "Could you love well enough to form the pleasure of

putting your foot upon the heart you had "Oh, Ross! how can you ask me?" she

swered.

"No matter how much I love you, you would not care for me."

"I am in earnest," he said, seriously. "If you will take me, tell me so."

"Oh, Ross! do you mean it?" she cried, and put up her ripe, red lips and kissed him, her face full of triumphant gladness.

When Miss Berrian heard of it, her face grew ghastly white for a moment—only one. Then she summoned up all her pride, and crushed down the pain that was beating at her heart, that no one might see it in her face.

face.
"False! false!" she kept saying to herself.
"And I loved him so!"

Five years went by. They were not happy years to Ross. He found out, when too late, that he and Isabel Leith had no tastes in At the end of the fifth year of their marriage they were in Italy.

The day before they were to start for home he felt tired of the monotony of the streets of Florence and struck off into the country, where he could be alone and rest. The kind of life they had been leading wearied him

of life they had been leading wearied him sadly.

He climbed a sunny hill, where grapes turned their swart cheeks to the sun. Before him lay the city whose beauty had haunted many a poet's memory. Beyond it stretched the sun-kissed Arno, reflecting a perfect sky. A step stirred the grass beside him, and, looking round, he saw, for the first time almost since his marriage, the countenance of Grace Berrian.

Both grow pale when they looked into each other's face. Some bitter memories stirred in their hearts and showed themselves upon their faces.

"Excuse me," she said, unsteadily. "I was not aware I was intruding."

not aware I was intruding."

"Not at all," he answered. "Take this seat. You look tired."

She sat down wearily.
"Have you heard from England lately?"
he asked.
"By the last post," she answered. "Your

He looked at her meaningly,

"If you supposed Mr. Greville was anything to me, you were mistaken," she answered, understanding what he meant. "I never liked him."

He started. Was she speaking truthfully? If she had not cared for the man, why had she given him the opal? Should he ask her?

"Mr. Greville had an opal star, which he supposed to be from some unknown admirer. Knowing who sent him the opal, and knowing that Greville had a fancy at the time for its sender, I naturally supposed that the affair would culminate in marriage."

"I do not understand you." she said.
"Mr. Greville sent me an opal star, which I returned to him. That is all I know about it."

Grace-Miss Berrian!" his tone was full

you were not indifferent to the giver? Tell me, please."

"Yes." she answered.

"And you thought Robert Greville sent it?" he demanded, excitedly.

"His initials were singed." answered Miss Berrian. "Isabel, your wife, told me that she saw Mr. Greville selecting such a jewel in a shop that morning, and hinted, at the time she told me this, that I might know something more about it before long. When it reached me, I supposed, of course, that it came from Robert Greville. The note accompanying it, I burned. The box I sent to Robert Greville, supposing I was returning it to its sender."

"I sent it to you!" Ross Graham answered, slowly. "You did not wear the jewel at the ball, and I saw it on Greville's watch-guard, and heard him say that some one—he did not know who—had sent it to him. From that, I supposed you had been trifling with me, and that, in sending the jewel to him, you maded it serve two purposes—to show me that I was dismissed, and to encourage him, if he found out who sent it, to continue his attentions."

"Are you sure?" she asked. "Isabel told me that she saw Mr. Greville purchase it. She knew—she must have known!"

"I see it all." he said, like one in a dream,

"Are you sure?" she saked.

The that she saw Mr. Greville purchase it.

She knew—she must have known!"

"I see it all." he said, like one in a dream.

"I was blind! blind! To serve her own purposes, she told you that false tale. She deceived us both. God forgive her, but she played a wicked part." "Life is full of

he bent and kissed her olive cheek. "One of the most beautiful women I ever saw."

"I suppose you think the most beautiful woman you ever saw is a certain Grace Berrian." she said, laughingly. "Rumor says so. Is rumor right?"

"Of course." he answered, smiling.
"Perhaps I shall see her presently. If so I'll tell her what you said."
She ran down the stairs, sending back a soft, musical laugh, as she reached the hall. And, sure enough, in one of the shops she met Miss Berrian.
"Good morning," she said, holding out her hand to the woman who had won Ross Graham's heart. "Have you seen Mr. Robert Greville this morning?"

Miss Berrian had not.
"Ah!" said Miss Leith, Then perhaps I can let you into a little secret. I saw him at jeweller's. He was looking at an opal star. From a remark he dropped, I am sure I know what he intends to do with it. If you find out anything about it, let me know."

"You shall know all I learn about it," answered Miss Berrian, wondering what had put the idea into Miss Leith's head that she would be apt to know any more about Mr. Greville's jewels than any one else.

Mr. Greville was hardly the sort of man for a woman of Grace Berrian's taste to be intimate with. Did Miss Leith mean to intimate that the jewel was intended for her?
"Remember," cried Miss Leith, "you promised to tell me if you find out anything more about the opal."

That afternoon a box and a letter bearing her name in the same handwriting were laid upon Grace's table. She opened the letter and read what Ross Graham had written that morning.

"B. G." She repeated the initials over. going home. I will send the carriage for you when you are ready."
"Let me go with you," she said. "Indeed, I would rather." WON AND LOST. dress, with crimson trimmings, made her olive beauty dazzlingly brilliant. A scarlet camelia in her hair and one upon her bosom among folds of filmy lace, set off her features as no gems could have done. Her eyes were bright enough to make up for her lack of No. asked.

He asked himself a swift question. Should he show Grace Berrian how little he cared for her by taking this woman for his wife? His pride was touched, as well as his heart, ISS Grace Berrian." "As you please." he answered. The drive home was a silent one. Ross Graham wrote the name on the cover too busy with his bitter thoughts to think of anything to say to her. of a little white box, then drew out a sheet of paper and wrote

pright enough to make up for her lack of jewels.

There was a bustle at the door. It was Grace Berrian's arrival; she came in as Ross looked that way.

Ross Graham turned away with a sudden sinking of his heart. Had he been deceived? Had tender words and downcast glances meant nothing?

Sick of the glare and glitter, full of mockery to his feelings just then, he left the saloon and entered the refreshment room. Two or three gentlemen were there. One of them was standing under the chandeller. Something glittered on his watchguard. Ross Graham caught the glimmer, and saw an opal star!

At that moment the lurid fire which leaped from the stone with every movement of its

from the stone with every movement of its wearer caught the attention of a young man standing by. "Ah, Greville," he asked, "what have you there? A rather costly trinket to wear on your chain, I should say; you are getting extravagant."

"Better weathr isn't?" said Greville.

"Rather pretty, isn't?" said Greville, holding it in the light. "Portable light-ning," flashing it back and forth in the blaze of gaslight. "The mystery of the thing makes it all the more valuable to me. You see, I received it from some unknown source this afternoon, and I haven't the least idea who sent it."

Rose Graham staggered out into the open air. There was no hope now. She was false to him. He had thought her the incarnation of all that is pure and womanly in woman; and he had loved her! That was worst of all.

Isabel Leith saw, without appearing to see Isabel Leith saw, without appearing to see. She read the secret of the pallor on her cousin's face. She knew that no one else in the room knew, except himself, that his heart was aching with a terrible pain. And she knew what he did not—that she had caused it. But she was playing to win, and the game was between her and Grace Berrian—and she would not give up while there remained the shadow of a chance. She was glad Grace Berrian had sent the jewel back to its supposed sender. Now Ross believed that she had a hidden fondness for Greville, and had sent the jewel to him. Believing this, he would not trouble himself long about her.

TOLD AT AETERNOON TEAL Mrs. W. H. Meeker and Miss Meeker are visit-Mrs. Lewis Beach is visiting Mrs. James F. Barbour at Washington. Mr. and Mrs. William Churchill are expected home soon after their summer abroad, Miss Romaine Stone, the latest beauty, is a brunette, with very regular features. The engagement is announced of the Marquis

d'Adda, of Milan, and Miss Mary Hooper, of Cincinnnti Mrs. Henry Day, of 21 West Fifty-first street will receive to-day and other Wednesdays during The Badminton Club will not begin to play unti early in January. No place has yet been selected

for its meetings. The engagement of Mr. Rollins and Miss Huntington, daughter of Dr. Huntington, of Grace Miss Eleanor Winslow will accompany her nother, Mrs. George S. Winslow, and her sister to

Europe during the winter. Mrs. John Sherwood, who has just returned to this city after a summer abroad, will resume her literary classes for young ladies in December. 'The marriage of Mr. Andrew Miller, one of the

editors and proprietors of Life, and Miss Nina Le Roy will take place at St. Thomas's Church tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. At the Short-Petit wedding, which will take place to-morrow week, Measra. Philip Livingston Howard Townsend, John T. Wainwright and Alfred R. Conkling will be the ushers.

The marriage of Mr. George F. Ferris, of this city, and Miss Louise Caroline Wood, daughter of Mr. Thomas S. Wood, will take place at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, on Nov. 10, at noon. The marriage of Mr. Wm. Butterfield and Miss

Charlotte Du Vernet, daughter of Mrs. P. M. Du Vernet, will take place in Grace Church, Saybrook, Conn., Nov. 9. A small wedding breakfast will follow. The marriage of Mr. A. W. P. Kinnan and Miss Charlotte Morris, which was to have taken place this afternoon at St. Thomas's Church, is indefinitely postponed owing to the sudden severe illness

Miss May McHiroy will take place at an early date. Miss McElroy was the lucky catcher of the bridal bouquet tossed at the conclusion of the ceremony at the Pedroso-Berghmann nuptials. DINNER FOR FOUR FOR ONE DOLLAR.

Contributed Daily to "The Evening World

The marriage of Mr. Jackson, of Brooklyn, and

by the Aster House Steward. Split Peas Soup. Baked Bluefish. Tomato Sauce. Beef-Top Strioin.
Cauliflower. Mashed Potatoes. Ginger Snaps. Custard Pic, Coffee, Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib roast, 18 to 20c.
Porterhouse steak, 26c.
Striodn steak, 18 to 20c.
Lag mutton, 16c.
Lam chops, 20c. to 28c.
Lamb chops, 20c. to 28c.
Lamb hindq riers, 18 to 18c.
Lamb hindq riers, History Sec. 10 June 1 pair. Description of the control of Boston Bucks, \$3.00 pair.
Canvastucks, \$3.00 pair.
Grouss, \$1.00 pair.
Partridge, 75c. to \$1.25 pair.
Radd birds, \$1 dossen.
Radhards, \$1.00 pair.
Mallards, \$1.00 pair.
Taper 50.
Candidate 51.00 pair.
Candidate 51.00 pai Mushrooms, \$1 quart. Onions, 20 to 30c, half-pe Canliflowers, 15c, to 25c. Lettuce, 5c. head. Cranberries 10c. quart. Horseradish, 10c. root.

Rail \$1.00 dos.
Rabbits, 25c. apieco.
Vonicon, 20c. to 25c.
Woodcock, \$1 pair.
Fresh mackerel, 15 to 20c.
Bea bass, 15c. to 20c.

Got All He Wanted. [From the Nebrasha State Journal.]
"Hello, Snyderly! I thought you were out in the country buying potatoes."
"I was out, but I couldn't buy a potato. The

farmers know they're scarce and intend holding

tarmers know they re south
them till spring."
"So you haven't any, eh?"
"Lots of them."
"How did you get them ?"
"Well, when I came back I offered a prize of a
pound of tobacco for the best bushel of potatoes
raised by a Nebraska farmer. My cellars are
filled and I haven't given away the prize yet."

you see.
"Isabel," he said suddenly, "could you love me well enough to marry me?"
"Don't ask me such questions," she an-